

THE SNOWMEN

VOLUME 49 ISSUE 3

IS HERE!

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Staff Box: (In order of appearance)

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Simon: Cryptogender

Will: This is too complicated

Ida: Fawngender

Front Cover: Chloe Omelchuck

Back Cover: Chloe Omelchuck

Submissions are due always, constantly, so submit forever. You can submit in any format (no PDFs please) by CD, Flash Drive, singing telegram, carrier pigeon, paper airplane, Fed-Ex, Pony Express, or email. Get your submissions to omen@hampshire.edu, the Omen Office or Chloe's mailbox (0369)

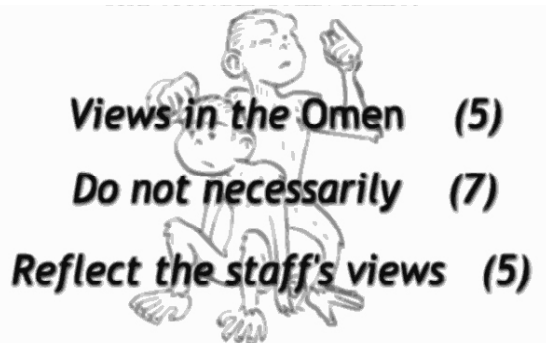
Policy

The Omen is a bimonthly publication that is the world's only example of the consistent application of a straightforward policy: we publish all signed submissions from members of the Hampshire community that are not libelous. Send us your impassioned yet poorly-thought-out rants, self-insertion fan fiction, MS Paint comics, and whiny emo poetry: we'll publish it all, and we're happy to do it. The Omen is about giving you a voice, no matter how little you deserve it. Since its founding in December of 1992 by Stephanie Cole, the Omen has hardly ever missed an issue, making it Hampshire's longest-running publication.

Your Omen submission (you're submitting right now, right?) might not be edited, and we can't promise any spellchecking either, so any horrendous mistakes are your fault, not ours. We do promise not to insert comical spelling mistakes in submissions to make you look foolish.

Your submission must include the name you use around campus: an open forum comes with a responsibility to take ownership of your views. (Note: Views expressed in the Omen do not necessarily reflect the views of the Omen editor, the Omen staff, or anyone, anywhere, living or dead.)

The Omen staff consists of whoever shows up for Omen layout, which usually takes place on alternate Thursday nights in the basement of Merrill in the company of a computer with an extremely inadequate monitor. You should come. We don't bite. You can find the Omen on other Thursdays in Saga, the post office, online at <http://expelallo.men>, and just about any other place we can find to put it.



EDITORIAL

Chloe Anne Omelchuck

Hello Omenites!

The other day, I was researching for some writing that I was doing (as you do). It wasn't for class or anything, just creative writing. Which really isn't telling, sometimes I swear that I spend much longer doing research for creative writing I'm working on than some academic papers. In any case, I was looking for a list of different gender identities and came across this list:

<https://www.wattpad.com/341462536-complete-list-of-genders-the-complete-list-of-all/page/3>

Here are a few of my favorite selections from it:

Amicagender- A gender which changes depending on which friend you're with at the moment.

Angenital- A desire to be without primary sexual characteristics, without necessarily being genderless

Boggender- A gender which feels like a bog, swamp, marsh, or similar ecosystem.

Caelgender- A gender which shares qualities with outer space or has aesthetic similarities to space, stars, nebulae, etc.

Cassflux- When your level of indifference towards your gender fluctuates.

Drakefluid- When your gender fluctuates, but you can't find just a few terms to describe what your fluctuating gender is, so you "hoard" gender terms which fit you. To be used by dragonkin individuals only.

Ekragender- A gender one has blown up into a million pieces or destroyed via detonation. Also describes those who wish they could do so.

Felisgender- A small, catlike gender.

Genderblank- Having a gender which can only be described as a blank space; when one's gender is called into question, a blank space is all that comes up.

Genderpunk- A gender which actively resists gender norms.

Jupitergender- A gender which is so large and present one is not quite sure what it is because it's too big to see clearly, but is definitely there and not cis.

Schrodigender- A gender which you can both feel and not feel.

Virgender- When one is practically genderless due to stress or it is too stressful to have or maintain a gender.

Now, obviously some of these are more serious than others. But even the ones that aren't as serious raise interesting questions. As a person who has never really felt misgendered by our society, I've never really given much thought to gender. This, is, in fact the case for the majority of the population for both gender and sexuality. Often, if you don't feel like you don't fit societal norms for gender and sexuality, they're not really something that we consider. However, I think that is a serious problem. It is possible to consider yourself both "female" (as I do) and also virgender, but many people wouldn't consider virgender to be a gender, just a 'personality quirk.' Consider the common classification of 'tomboy.' Of course, women who like to dress less feminine can still be just female (as opposed to genderfluid etc.), but how many of them might also find some truth in genderpunk or cassflux? What I'm saying is that many things that we consider to be "personality traits" or just "personality" can actually be considered part of a gender identity.

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Now, you may be wondering why this is important. I see sexuality as being who we are attracted to (romantically, sexually, or otherwise), whereas gender is what we want others to be attracted to in ourselves (romantically, sexually, or otherwise). The more we consider what it is about us that defines how we express our gender, the better we are able to relate to people (be they a partner or just a friend). It's about how we want to be identified to those around us. For example, if you were asked to create a list of the five most important things for other people to know about you, would your gender or sexuality be on it? For me, the answer is no and that is part of my gender just as much as the fact that I identify as female.

The point of all this is, even if you have never felt misgendered, it is still a good idea to undergo some research. Check out the list! You may discover something about yourself.

Omengender- A gender which is most present every other thursday night in the Merrill A Basement. Remember, the Omen loves you!

SECTION SPEAK

REHOMING

18 OCTOBER 2018

By Lily Friedrich

I don't normally kidnap cats, but the assignment was due tomorrow, and no one on the farm was getting back to me about an interview. I figured if they wouldn't give me an interview about why they don't want people "rehoming" their cats, then I had no other choice. I'd kidnap a cat myself, and they'd have to answer my questions during the exchange. A hostage situation, you could say.

After all, writing about a cat wasn't very interesting in itself. There were things I needed to know. Things that only a human could tell me, seeing that the cat wasn't in a position to speak for himself. Things like his age, where he came from, his diet, was he good at his job? Did he even know that he had a job? Or was his philosophy on life simpler: he lives in a barn because it's dry and warm, and he kills mice

because they're fun to catch and tastier than kibble.

The cat would be fine with being kidnapped. It wouldn't be the first time he'd be at my house either. He had visited a couple times already. That's how I knew who he was. He would show up in the night. "Don't let it inside," my housemate Julia said the first time I opened the front door to find the silky long-haired cat loitering on our front porch.

"Why not?" I asked as the grey and white cat slid between my leg and the door, slinking into our house on a whim of curiosity. He took in the smells of worn-in college carpet and weaved between the legs of the sofa before jumping up onto the sofa to land on her chest. She let out a yelp, then froze, staring at him wide eyed.

She wasn't a cat person. He pawed at her chest, purring audibly. He had quite the purr-box on him. The cat curled up on her chest for a moment before he went to explore the rest of the house.

"We're not supposed to interact with it, otherwise it won't do its job," she told me.

"We're not feeding it," I tried to reason. "He'll still be hungry for mice, but it's not my fault he's so lonely that he's showing up at our door."

The cat wandered into the hallway and Julia followed him. "He's going into Cat's room!" she yelled. Cat was another one of our housemates. "There's a cat in Cat's room, I should take a picture to send to Cat." When the cat returned, Julia was right at his heels. "I'm not a cat person, but this is a really friendly cat. You're right," she agreed with a statement I had made earlier: "This is not the cat to be a barn cat."

Eventually though, we knew, "It's time for him to leave." We escorted him to the door and shut it in his face. We watched him from the window to see what he would do next. He didn't leave the porch. He stuck his face in the compost bucket, licking at the buildup of grime on the side. "Oh no, he can't eat that. We gotta let him back inside."

I found out later from sources that the farm posted on their Facebook page about the cats, stating in one section of the 384-word PSA, "PLEASE STOP 'HELPING' THE FARM'S BARN CATS!!" stating that their job "is to take care of rodents and protect the facilities that house the grain and feed for all of our other animals." I also learned that their names were Bert and Ernie, they were fed twice a day, and "They also receive an abundance of love, hugs, and pats." It said that if they were ever somewhere that wasn't the barn, please call the number on their collar or Mo Phelon, the livestock manager.

I emailed her and awaited a reply. In the mean time I found myself on the farm one morning with my housemate Cat because she wanted to take pictures of the cows. "Ask them if I can park here," Cat said in fear of getting a parking ticket or trespassing.

"It's fine," I said, "I come here all the time. It's part of the college." But I stepped out of the car and poked my head around the building to call out to the two people standing by a truck. "Hey, do you know if we're allowed to park here?" They told us yes. There was a man and a woman, and the woman held a cat in her arms. I loitered around as they slowly made their way over to us. They told us about their jobs with the compost, and I attempted to get information out of them. "Do you know anything about the cats?" I asked.

"I don't know anything, I just know that there are two of them, but I haven't seen the other one in a while... I'm kind of worried about him." The woman held Bert in her arms so that his feet were in the air. He hunched his back and wiggled until she let him go. "Have you met the cats before?" she asked.

"Yeah, Bert comes to our mod sometimes... He eats our compost." They thought that was hilarious.

It was the night before the last day, the clock was counting down, and I still had not received an email back about whether I would get an interview. The heist was going to happen tomorrow. I had no choice. I wasn't quiet about it either, I told everyone that would listen. One student who heard my story informed me that many people who work on the farm do not have computers, "which makes it confusing because the school automatically gives all the faculty emails, so their not getting back to you is probably because they don't have a computer."

I ran into that problem a lot when I had to work on the farm for a school project."

I nodded. "I think I'm still going to do it. It makes for a better story."

Mo eventually did get back to me the next morning:

GOOD MORNING LILY,

I WOULD BE HAPPY TO MEET WITH YOU, HOWEVER I AM OUT UNTIL TUESDAY THE 23RD. I CAN DO ANYTIME NEXT WEEK IF THAT STILL WORKS.

PLEASE LET ME KNOW.

THANK YOU,
MO PHELON.

The paper was due tomorrow, and this just wouldn't do. I had to kidnap the cat.

I was in class in the writing center the day before the essay was due and had every intent to go down to the farm after class to commit the crime. My attention turned toward the window in one moment of distraction, and outside on the porch I saw a girl holding a white, bushy tailed cat. It was fate. I considered the possibility that it might not be one of the farm cats, but why would the girl be holding her own cat outside the writing center door? It had to be a barn cat. When class concluded I went out and walked right up to the group congregating around the cat, reaching out to pet it. "Is that the farm cat?"

"Yeah."

"What do you think about him?" I reached for his collar to see if it was Bert. The collar read Ernie. He wasn't dead after all. I pointed this out and said, "He's softer than Bert."

"This cat wants to be on campus," one guy said.

"We should ask if we can bring him to class," a girl said.

"No, he belongs on the farm," another girl said. The cat jumped out of his current entrapment of arms and wandered towards a wooded area.

"Oh, he's off to chase more squirrels."

The girl who knew that he was not supposed to be on campus followed him and scooped him up. She brought him back toward the porch stoop when the professor came outside to see why all of his students were late, "Get that effing cat out of here!" he said when they asked if they could bring the cat inside.

"I'm taking him back to the farm," the girl told him sternly. She held Ernie tightly in her arms as she walked across the road.

The professor looked around to make sure all of his students were heading inside when he noticed how I stood nervously off to the side of the whole event. "What's wrong?" he asked.

"Nothing," I said too fast, knowing he wouldn't condone committing a felony. "That's the cat I'm going to write about." He shrugged. I suppose he didn't really get cats. I looked after the girl as she brought Ernie all the way to the field where he jumped out of her arms and ran into the woods. There were too many witnesses at this point, and I lost my nerve, so I scurried back home where I found my housemate Gwyn on the couch.

"Do you want to go kidnap the cat with me?" I asked. Gwyn said sure, but she had to be back before two. We walked out to where I saw the cat last. There was no sign of him, so we kept walking down the path. There was a guy breaking sticks in the woods. I asked him if he saw the cat. He said no, but he'd keep an eye out for it. We continued in a big loop until we came back out by the farm fields. It was at that

intersection that we saw two people walking down the path with Ernie in their arms. "More people bringing the cat back," I commented, shuffling from foot to foot as I realized that my staring directly at them might come off as suspicious. But I couldn't help it, their good citizenship was ruining my plan.

"That's a professor," Gwyn said. The professor and student walked past us. "Almost there," I heard them say as they turned into the field to bring the cat to the field workers. Nancy Hanson, the director of Farm programs, called out before they got too close, "Let me put the dog away first." She tied her pug up behind the truck. The professor dropped the cat in that instant and Ernie started away towards the woods again. The professor and student followed the cat, caught him, and carried him back to hand him over to Nancy. She put Ernie in the truck. It was almost two o'clock and Gwyn had to go back home.

I thought about walking up to them and asking about Ernie, but I already felt too conspicuous having walked past multiple times; they would know my face; they would know that when the cat goes missing it was intentional. I decided to go down to the farm to find Bert instead. As I passed, I watched the dark windows of the truck, parked in the middle of the field, imagining that Ernie would be up on the dashboard, pawing at the windshield, trying to escape. But I couldn't see him through the windows, so perhaps he was curled up on a seat fast asleep, or else kept in a cage in the back. The poor cat just wanted to explore.

When I arrived at the farm I visited the cows and the pigs and the chickens. But I couldn't find Bert. There weren't any people to shy away from, so I looked around. I worried about him as I passed a post with a ribbon attached to it that whipped in the wind. He had been in a wild

mood yesterday morning, jumping upright in the air, extending his limbs to whip his whole body around, whacking and biting at the ribbon. I figured he might be in the barn, so I found an open door.

It crossed my mind that I might find him cooped up in a cage. Would I be able to handle the emotions that would swirl around me as I knelt beside him having to decide if I should take him out of the cage or leave him? Kidnapping from a cage somehow seemed like a bigger offense, and yet, I'd be granting him more freedom. I'd be rescuing him. I walked further through the barn, taking light steps, being cautious. My fantasies of rescuing Bert were uncalled for though. I found him curled up on top of a straw bale.

I walked up to him and put my hand out to touch him; his body was warm against the chilled air. There was the soft hooting of an owl up in the rafters. I could hear chickens clucking in the barn next door, and the murmuring cow letting me know she's there, while cars drifted by down the street. I pet him, pulling him slightly closer. I put my ear to Bert's silky fluffy fur, his stomach was warm, purring loudly. He shifted and curled up against my chest. His eyes were pretty. Like how the word aquamarine has two parts to it: aqua water on the surface and the marine depths underneath. Light blue and teal at the same time. As he looked up at me, bending his head into my hand, I noticed his crooked mustache on only one side of his lip. He stretched so his chin was up toward the ceiling, closing his eyes. His nose was damp and his mouth was slightly open, revealing the tip of one tooth poking between his lips.

How could I kidnap this cat? He was home. He liked being here. The farm was enough for him. I pet him for a good half-hour, and then decided it was time for me to leave. I walked out of the barn, and to my worry, Bert followed. "No,"

I said, "you can't follow me," and started walking faster. The farm folk say to shoo him away, "Don't let them follow you home." It brought the image to my mind of how kids in movies have to get rid of their dog, take the dog to the woods, and throw rocks at it until it runs away; the child screaming, "Get outta here! I don't want you anymore, you're free!"

as they aggressively rub the tears from their face, not meaning a word of it.

I walked faster as he meandered in the same direction. I kept looking over my shoulder until I couldn't see him anymore. And even then, as I was halfway home, I'd look, hoping just slightly, that maybe he'd be the one who broke the rules.



TAKEAWAYS FROM THE MIDTERMS (A BRIEF SUMMARY):

BY SIMON FIELDS

1. 2018 will go down in history as the Participation Trophy election -- everyone wins! A pluralistic dream of gridlock and mutual victory announcements!!!!!!HURRAY

2. The working class rustbelt isn't out of reach for Democrats in 2020

3. Progressive candidates in red states (Beto, Ojeda and others) have significant crossover appeal and excite a dormant, often non-voting base that usually has to choose between Republican lite TM and Republican.

4. The path to a left victory in 2020 doesn't only run through cities and suburbs. The youth/minority/chardonnay swilling yoga pants wearing coalition is weak at the statewide level. It also isn't as sustainable as the New Deal-union-minority coalition since it is motivated by Trump's uncouthness, and not by economic interest.

5. Fuck voting machines! I'll take a little dimple chad over the poor transparency of electronic voting any day (and I know the irony of saying that in the midst of three Florida recounts). Speaking of which:

6. Hurray for more voting rights in Florida!

7.
a. Brian Kemp has nerve
b. State Secretary of State should not be a partisan role. There should probably be a panel with one Republican, one Democrat, one left leaning Independent (e.g. Green) and one right leaning Independent (Libertarian)

8. Los Angeles voters are way too susceptible to L.A. Times endorsements on ballot initiatives; far too disinclined to vote their own economic interests

9. Partisan tribalism is ridiculously bad in California that when given two Democratic options, the incumbent got support from the progressive parts of the state, and the

progressive got support from the conservative parts of the state. Why?

10. Even an electorate that was friendly to Democrats is not enthused by the Mueller investigation, Rachel Maddow or Adam Schiff. This may be partly because, in addition to Trump supporters, enough people on the left roll their eyes at the new hawkish tone towards Russia and that, by a five point margin, people disapprove of this hysteria. (The problem of Russophobia is separate from the obstruction of Justice Issue, and firing Sessions the day after the election was definitely sketchy. That having been said--)

11. The best way to beat Trumpism isn't to find more personal wrongdoing by Trump -- we've already found plenty, but by taking a stand on Climate Change, Racial Justice, Social Security, Reproductive rights, Migrant Rights, Workers' Rights, you name it -- the actual problems in our lives and the solutions thereto belonging... But also

12. Electoralism is mainly a great way to keep things from getting worse, though the most fundamental and needed changes will probably involve the things people do between elections. I finished a much longer tract on the new USMCA deal by admonishing people to vote. Now I ask you, hopefully in a non-condescending tone to stay involved in other ways, from the most indirect (petitioning, begging elected officials to do the right thing, etc.) to the most direct (taking to the streets, going on strike, occupying centers of power, taking action at the local level and coordinating them nationally, going on strike, forming assemblies, occupying centers of power, taking to the streets, taking steps to build a real, direct economic democracy... you get the picture. Contrary to what many Hamp students say, these things can be done non-violently and effectively. Just look at Guatemala 1944, Iran 1979, Poland 1979-1989, the tide revolutions throughout Soviet states, the Philippines 1986... And remember, as the great singer Daniel Kahn once said, freedom is a verb and not a noun.

Recommendation Series: Part 2

By Ida Kao

Hello, dear reader! I'm going to try something, and it may or may not work out well. I'm going to recommend something to you, one recommendation per issue. It's almost always going to be something accessible digitally and for free, but that's not guaranteed. It's typically going to be indie and not attached to an international conglomerate or be widely known, but that's also not guaranteed. While I would like to indulge myself and say that I have a taste for the obscure but still widely appealing, I doubt my recommendations will be completely unknown to the wider student body. If they are, then they probably don't have that broad of an appeal. So one or sometimes even both of those traits are not guaranteed in my recommendation.



Pop Culture Detective

It's a bird, it's a plane, it's another great YouTube channel without wings or any kind of physical form that is capable of flight! That said, I love video essays. Probably three quarters of all the channels I regularly watch on YouTube are video essay YouTubers who exclusively produce video essays. And this, ladies, gentlemen, nonbinary and gender nonconforming individuals, lizard people aspiring towards world domination, is probably the the first of many video essay YouTubers I will be recommending.

If you love "Steven Universe", then Jonathan McIntosh is the dude for you! If you have complex relationships with "Star Wars", then Pop Culture Detective is the YouTube channel for you! If you hate "The Big Bang Theory" and think it's absolute trash, then you are a normal human being. Problematic (or positive, in the case of "Steven Universe") portrayals of masculinity are deconstructed and analyzed, meaning that the lurking discomfort in the pit of your stomach surrounding a sexy, fully-grown women that is also child-like in demeanor is explained in a non-judgmental manner. No, it's not just you who thinks that's gross and maybe a little bit pedophilic. And for the record, yes, it is kind of pedophilic. This is explored in McIntosh's Born Sexy Yesterday, so I won't spoil it for you. Go watch it yourself, and while you're at it, check out his Patreon! Go to his website at <http://popculturedetective.agency/>!

SECOND AMENDMENT RIGHTS

By CHLOE OMELCHUCK

I am not an expert in constitutional law, gun violence, or politics. What I do know is that I, as a 21 year old living in America, am no longer shocked by headlines of shootings all across the country. Not even mass shootings which seem to happen once a month or more are particularly surprising. I'm sure that none of this is news to anyone, but I was looking through news outlets on Thursday night and saw that yet another mass shooting of 12 people in a bar filled with college students in California had occurred. And something about that broke the numbness enough to prompt this article.

This is an article born out of the sadness that twelve more people have been lost to an act of senseless violence. Its born out of the truth of the words spoken by Ventura County Sheriff Geoff Dean when he said with a sense of resignation "it doesn't matter what community that you're in, or how safe your community is, it can happen anywhere." And, above all else it is born out of the simmering frustration at the system, ideology, and people that continue to allow such acts of gun violence to occur and people to lose their lives. So many people have already spoken out about this issue, and with much better words than I, to little effect, but this is me needing to say something, so here we go.

"A well regulated Militia, being necessary to the security of a free State, the right of the people to keep and bear Arms, shall not be infringed."

These are the words of the second amendment to the constitution. They were written in a time of civil unrest in the newly formed United States of America- fresh from a war for independence from a country which heavily restricted the right to free speech and equal protection under the

law. Today, these words, particularly the words of the second half of this statement "the right to keep and bear arms, shall not be infringed," is the sticking point in a national debate about gun rights and ownership. The question- do american civilians have a constitutional right to own guns?

I am not naive. The reason that no gun regulation law can be passed in congress is not because of the second amendment. The reason that a law to regulate the sale of guns cannot be passed is because of the gun lobby and the companies which back it. These companies prey on the ideology of "the right of the people to keep and bear arms," in order to build a base of voters who believe in defending what they believe is a constitutional right to own weapons that can commit violence on a massive scale. And when I say it is the weapons that commit this violence, that is not to deny the role of the shooter, but it is to say that violent people would not experience nearly as much success in killing and injuring people if they did not have access to firearms.

Instead, I would like to point out a trend in the current political system that is particularly prevalent in republican rhetoric. You may have noticed at the beginning that the second amendment is actually much more complicated than "the right to bear arms." There is a whole qualifying statement attached onto that parsed-down phrase. It's misquoting at its best, and it's not at all new on the political scene. From quoting the bible to quoting TV personalities, politicians (and indeed, people in general) do not have a good track record of accurately quoting. We take quotes from their context, change them, and over time only see what we want to see from them.

Taken as a whole, the second amendment itself has very little meaning in a modern context. At the time that the second amendment was written, the U.S. had no standing military. The 'military' consisted of private citizens, largely trained by individual states for the purpose of serving in the revolutionary war. The second amendment calls for a well-regulated militia because it is necessary for the security of the nation, and in order to do that it allowed private citizens to own and carry firearms because that was the only military the nation had.

Once again, the right to keep and bear arms in the second amendment is not 'necessary to the security of a free person, or a free household,' but to 'the security of a free state.' The second amendment was never intended to allow civilians to use and own weapons of war as a right of normal civilian life, it was meant for the security of the nation. The spirit of the second amendment is to keep the people of this nation safe, and at this point giving the people the right to keep and bear arms is not doing that. So, the second amendment itself is contradictory in the modern era because, though its own words, it can no longer protect the "right to security" that it was intended to ensure.

The referencing and quoting of the Constitution in this manner reminds me of the nitpicking of passages from the Bible to defend the oppression of many sexualities, genders, and religions that has been common throughout political rhetoric since before Columbus crossed the ocean. The fact that the United States constitution now sits in a similar position of quotable authority is troubling to me. Even if the letter of law in the constitution does not allow for the creation of gun control law, that does not mean that gun control laws are in some way morally wrong or remove the rights of citizens. The constitution is not some kind of moral code

by which the country lives by. It is the TOOL for the protection of the rights that the people of this nation hold to be most dear, rights which we believe should be available to all people. If the second amendment is the reason that we cannot implement gun control law, then perhaps it is time to make a push towards a constitutional amendment. Because if the people of this nation don't have the right to go to school, go to work, go to church, go to a bar, to walk down the street, to go home without fearing for their lives, then the constitution is failing the american people.

“Holyoke: Portrait of a Man”

By Killian Dobroth

I was sitting in my car in a parking lot in Holyoke, Massachusetts. I was just a mere one block away from the Interstate 91 highway, which took cars and passengers up towards Greenfield and south towards Springfield, and the 141, which took drivers west towards Easthampton. I was less than a mile from the Connecticut river which snakes through town.

On the street corner of Route 202 and Hampden street, an old man is pacing back and forth, looking into the driver’s windows of cars parked in front of the stoplight. He held a cane, in his hands which rattled around, never finding any stillness. On his chest, a cardboard sign, written in Sharpie it said in bold letters, “Homeless. Hungry in search off...” the letters getting smaller and less legible from afar, trailing off towards the bottom. His back was hunched. He was about 5’3”, although perhaps he would have been 5’6” if not hunched over at the angle that he was. Meanwhile, man in a black Mercedes ML 500, rolled up to the Bank of America ATM drive thru in the parking lot with his windows down. He gets out and uses the machine, which was on the passenger side of his car.

The neighborhood we were in was off a main street, Route 202, which ran through Holyoke, sandwiching the neighborhood somewhere between Delaware and Maine, which is the full length of this old highway, built in 1935 before the Interstate project of President Eisenhower. To the man’s front was a residential neighborhood with suburban houses. To his back, a parking lot with a tobacco shop called Smoke N Pipe Deals and a corner store called C Mart, which were inside of a tan brick building. To his left and across the street, a Motel 6 and a People’s United Bank. Down Hampden Street and to his left, which he was on the corner of, were the green signs which led to a maze of highways.

His possessions, a couple of travel bags, were nestled in an apple tree, which was half alive and half dead, with lush green and rose-colored leaves on the side facing West and shriveled up, brownish gray branches to the East.

A middle-aged woman sporting a black hoodie walks across the parking lot towards the man. They share a couple of words and she hands him an orange. She then walks away, holding her wallet in the same hand as a green drink in a plastic bottle and crosses the street at the intersection. The man begins pacing up and down Hampden street again.

The black Holyoke Police SUV, which was located behind us in the corner of the parking lot, slowly cruises its way southwards and exits onto Route 22.

Cars which were at the stoplight were varied in appearance. Many had body modifications, custom white lights in the back and black rims which were put on by the owner. Some cars had parts falling off; front bumpers that hung a half inch or so off of the front of the car, or different colored doors. The drivers of these cars often had their windows opened, and they would look at the man holding the sign, although they would say nothing and look back towards the stoplight in front of them.

I got out of my car which was parked and walked over to the man.

“Hey”, I said. In a split second, the man jumped around. “You scared me,” he said, making eye contact with very aware-looking light blue eyes. He had long white hair and a five o’clock shadow.

“Sorry, I didn’t mean to sneak up on you.” I

told him, forgetting how quietly I had walked up behind him. "I was wondering if you wanted any tobacco."

"Yes." He said.

I reached into my pocket, grabbing the blue bag of organic American Spirit tobacco and got out my orange zig zag rolling papers.

"Do you want to roll one yourself?" I asked.

"No, I can't roll myself." He said.

"Should I roll one for you?" I responded back.

"No, just put the tobacco in something and give it to me," was his request. "I can't have you here right now, I am trying to make my rounds. I won't get anything with you here."

Quickly, I ripped out a piece of notebook paper and filled it with a handful of the fresh brown tobacco. In the meantime, the man walked about 20 or 30 feet in a circular motion behind me before coming back.

"Thank you," he said.

I asked if I could write about him for my college class, and what his name was.

He gave me his number and told me, "Call back after 9, when I have some free minutes."

I said, "okay" before hastily leaving, careful not to disturb him. As I took exited onto Route 202, I read a sign which read "Purple Heart's Trail". Later in the night, around 10 p.m., the man called me.

"So, what do you want to know? I'm 63 years old, I've been in jail for 30 years." The man revealed in a rapid-fire pace, "I used to have a successful business, but I lost it due to

substance abuse. Earlier I went to a friend of mine's house. He let me shower and charge my phone."

"So why do you want to know about me?"

I explained to him that I was in a college class, doing community journalism in Holyoke.

"So I'm wondering, cause you want to ask me questions, how can you compensate me?" he retorted, cutting me off.

"I'm just a college student," I explained, "I don't have anything I can compensate you with, except maybe the tobacco I gave you earlier today."

"I could ask you a couple questions and it's up to you if you want to answer them or not."

"No." he quickly said, "I'm all set bro, go buy something for yourself, ok. Bye."

Villain-Hero Interactions and Gender in Children's Films

By Chloë Omelchuck

I would first like to say that, despite going to Hampshire, my knowledge of gender and sexuality studies is not my strongest topic. I am an ecology student- which means that I approach all discussions of gender and sexuality using mostly knowledge gained from the internet, friends, and personal experience as a cis asexual (aromantic????) person.

We all know of the Bechdel test, however, we also know that this is really the bare minimum in standards for how movies represent women and the relationships that women have with others. The Disney princess movies are some of the first things that come to mind when it comes to stories and movies for children. These movies were what I watched when I was a kid and influence my taste in fiction to this day. However, looking back on many of the movies that Disney and other animation studios like Pixar or Dreamworks have produced over the years, I, like many, have had to recognize the glaring biases inherent in many of these stories. From racism (particularly problematic in Disney's early work) to sexism and stereotyping of all kinds, these movies tend to include many of the same issues that we see with any other Hollywood production, packaged for children.

As a writer I strive to think of ways to subvert common tropes and assumptions that both readers and authors use when seeking to understand and make stories. I strive to think of ways to not only include more diverse characters, but also to throw them into situations with fresh and relevant social dynamics. In order to do so I occasionally will dive into a truly time-consuming and often rather pointless black hole of wikipedia searches and odd websites. My most recent foray into this was looking into hero-villain dynamics in children's animated (and some live-action) film. It must be noted that I could really only include movies which I had seen, so the "sample" list is hardly comprehensive.

I think that hero-villain dynamics are such an

interesting way to view the tropes common in a story. In children's films in particular, villains often lack the human motivation that is present in more "adult" movies, which, in itself, seems silly since we should probably not be teaching children that there are certain people who are categorically "evil" while there are others who are absolutely "good." Only more recent efforts like *Frozen* and *Moana* have made any real effort to force viewers to actually question whether the hero is truly good (*Frozen*) or whether the villain is truly evil (*Moana*).

Despite the Disney princess films being among the first thing that we think of when we think of Disney or even animated children's movies in general, these films make up a relatively small proportion of films for children. It is especially interesting to note that the overwhelming proportion of male heroes that defeat male villains (for whatever reason) does not correspond to a similar proportion of female heroes defeating female villains. Female villains are still defeated by-and-large by male characters (to be specific, secondary male characters). Also, while secondary male characters sometimes defeat the villain for both male and female heroes, secondary female characters never defeat the villain. Of those female villains defeated by female heroes, *Moana* is the only animated feature. *Moana* as a film is very different from every other princess film in the sense that not only does the plot of *Moana* not revolve around marriage, but it takes it one step further by not involving romance at all.¹

¹ *Mulan* is a great film, but the fact remains that *Mulan* decides to leave home not only to protect her father but because she believes that the only way she can bring her family honor is by fighting as a man because she believes herself to be unmarriedable. I don't have so much of a problem with *Mulan* finding love at the end of the film, but I do have a problem with the fact that *Mulan* doesn't take the advisory job offered by the Emperor. Yes, it is meant to show that *Mulan* is "selfless," but it also shows that her primary motivation is not to improve her own self-worth, but still to prove herself to her family.

I think the most telling thing about most popular children's films is whether they can, in fact be fitted into the narrow categories that I have created for this list. There are many children's films like *Song of the Sea* (great film, 10/10 would recommend), *Coraline* (really any Laika film), *Ice Age*, *Inside Out*, and many others that are considered some of the best children's films which are not on this list simply because their storylines, sense of right and wrong, and characterization are too complex to fit into these categories. This is not to say that these films have no room for improvement. Many of these 'highly rated' children's movies have a similar dearth of female characters as the ones on this list. I would also like to point out that many children's films which are considered as dealing with more 'complex' topics are also often centered on children and family dynamics or even death NOT a traditional hero's tale and almost never include any sort of romance, especially for main characters. There are very few children's films out there that showcase a positive and realistic romance or idea of marriage as part of their main storyline. One of the ONLY exceptions to this rule is *Brave*- so good job on that movie!

Many will argue that the dearth of realistic romance in these movies is appropriate because children don't have much interest in romance, however, that is no excuse for having poor representations of romantic relationships even when they aren't (arguably²) central to the plot.

² I mean, is there any real reason that any of the Disney movies in which a female is rescued and later marries her rescuer have to involve romance at all? Why can't a character rescue the Princess just because it's the right thing to do? Furthermore, the constant inclusion of characters 'getting together' as the wrap up of the film implies that once a woman is married she (and therefore her story) is complete. Using marriage as a wrap-up to a film is just unrealistic in what most people consider marriage to actually be- a beginning. There's this expectation that all the trials and tribulations come before marriage and everything after is blissfully happy. The real sign that none of the original Disney Princess movies are really "romance-driven" is that we know essentially nothing about most of the Princes, which is quite astonishing since the Princesses themselves are quite one-dimensional to begin with.

So, still lots of room for improvement. In the end, what I wanted to convey with this analysis and list is that when it comes time to share movies and other media with children, we should be mindful of what kinds of lessons various stories are teaching. I want to be conscious about how these films portray women as they are present and as they are absent, yes, but also in how the characters resolve conflict and what form the conflict itself takes.

Key:

[FMSM]³ Female main character but the villain is defeated by a secondary male character

[MMSM] Male/Ensamble main character but the villain is defeated by a secondary male character

[OP] Main character of the opposite gender from the villain actually brings about villain's defeat.

[OPC]⁴ Main character of the opposite gender from the villain creates circumstances under which villain is defeated (but doesn't actually strike a "killing blow").

[TEAM] Villain is defeated by a team of main characters of varying genders (though the "final blow" is still usually struck by a male and no matter how many male characters there are there is usually only one or two females⁵).

³ The fact that this category exists at all is somewhat concerning, however the fact that the movies on this list are the "classics" and most popular movies of Disney is even more so. Its concerning for the message it sends women, however I find it to be even more harmful for the men. The male characters (except for the Beast in *Beauty and the Beast*) only exist in the storyline for the purpose of saving the female characters, giving the impression that the only importance men have from a female perspective is of a savior.

⁴ This is kind of meant to speak to different gender roles in how they tackle villains (i.e. poison as a woman's weapon). It's easy to give the credit to the guy with the sword, less so to the woman who destroys a magic item.

⁵ Hi Natasha, Hi Gamora! Also, even in "balanced" teams like in the *Chronicles of Narnia* or the *Incredibles*, all of the secondary characters who fight and stuff seem to be male.

[FF] Female villain defeated by female main character.

[RES] Main reason (or inciting incident) to defeat villain stems from the need to rescue a female.⁶ Note: all films in the check category also fall into this one, though not all square films are checks.⁷

[MM] Male main character defeats male villain

Male villains:

Female Heroes:

[FMSM] Beauty and the Beast

[OP] Frozen

[OP] Mulan⁸

[OP] Maleficent

[OPC] Pocahontas

⁶ Even though this category grates on my nerves more than the [FMSM] category (I mean, are there any movies in which the primary motivation for a heroine to defeat the villain is to rescue a male?), I still think [FMSM] category is more insidious. It sends the message that women are not the heroes of their own stories.

⁷ The one exception to this rule is Beauty and the Beast, which is probably why it is still viewed as progressive even to this day. I mean, yes, it's nice that Belle's educated and likes books and all. But she gave up on all that singing about wanting adventure and stuff to settle down with a handsome man in a castle, so... I guess a day's ride to find a better man is good enough? Although I will say that it is one of the most realistic portrayals of the development of a romantic relationship in any animated movie out today.

⁸ It should be noted that out of all the movies in this category, only Mulan is actually intending to kill her villain (moreover, defeating the villain in Frozen doesn't actually involve Hans' death). Although, it could be argued that there is some situational considerations to take into account. But in the end, the fact remains that Mulan is the only Disney "princess" who has actually killed someone. But then again, she gets help from Mushu, she doesn't actually stab him or anything... curses!! I wonder how it will go down in the live action version, part of the reason could be that they don't want to have people stabbing people in a kids movie. I mean, if anything, the situations should be reversed. Mulan has no reason to want to actively kill Atilla, she just wants to save China. On the other hand, Hans actually attempted to kill Anna's sister. Anna has a much better motivation to kill Hans than Mulan has to kill Atilla. Although, Hans is arguably much less dangerous than Atilla in the long run... I'm not sure they can be compared, Mulan is a much darker movie. I'm sorry, I'll stop with the theories. These are the things that keep me up at night, welcome to my mind.

[OPC] Anastasia

[OPC] The Princess and the Frog

[RES] The Aristocats

Male Heroes:

[MMSM] The Black Cauldron

[MMSM] Wall-e

[MMSM] How to Train your Dragon (II)

[MMSM] The Jungle Book

[RES] Peter Pan

[RES] Aladdin⁹

[RES] The Lion King¹⁰

[RES] The Hunchback of Notre Dame

[RES] Hercules

[RES] Atlantis: The Lost Empire

[RES] Shrek¹¹

[RES] Star Wars Episode 4

[RES] Wreck-it ralph

[RES] UP

[MM] The Road to El Dorado

[MM] Ratatouille

[MM] Rise of the Guardians

[MM] The LEGO Movie

[MM] Spirit: Stallion of the Cimarron

[MM] Who Framed Roger Rabbit

⁹ Aladdin and Wreck-it Ralph (and to an extent the Black Cauldron) are the only movies with a "Disney Princess" where the Princess is not the main character. Perhaps not so coincidentally, 2/3 of these fall under the "green" category (perhaps more of a testament to the awesomeness of The Black Cauldron than anything else).

¹⁰ Okay, so I know that Simba ostensibly goes back to save "the Pride lands" in general, but since he falls in love with Nala after he initially refuses and then changes his mind after falling in love with her, this excuse is a little suspect. Yeah, sure, let's teach children that the only reason to help someone is because they're attractive and you like them. Speaking of which, I can't even get into how attractive all these people (lions?) are right now. I mean, even the beast turns back into a handsome man at the end of the Beauty and the Beast... go Hunchback? But Esmeralda didn't even end up with him in the end... gah!

¹¹ Sorry, not sorry? Shrek is a great movie, but the fact is the entire plot is there because someone needs to rescue the princess. I mean, they go to all this trouble to make Fiona a badass and in the end Shrek still comes to "save" her from marriage to Farquaad because he wants to marry her instead. On the other hand, Farquaad is technically defeated by a female dragon, so that's nice.

Ensemble:

[MMSM] Pirates of the Caribbean

[TEAM] The Incredibles

[TEAM] Avengers (I)

[TEAM] Guardians of the Galaxy

[TEAM] Big Hero 6

Female villains:

Female Heroes:

[FMSM] Sleeping Beauty

[FMSM] Snow White¹²

[FMSM] Cinderella

[FMSM] The Little Mermaid

[FMSM] Tangled

[FF] Enchanted

[FF] Alice in Wonderland (live action)

[FF] Moana¹³

Male Heroes:

[OP] How to train your dragon (I)¹⁴

[OPC] The Emperor's New Groove

Ensemble:

[MMSM] 101 Dalmatians

[TEAM] The Rescuers

[TEAM] Zootopia

[TEAM] The Chronicles of Narnia¹⁵

12 I would like to note that out of the small amount of female villains, four (from Snow White, Tangled, Cinderella, and 101 Dalmatians) have a motivation that is vain or linked to marriage.

13 I feel a little odd about this one, considering that Moana doesn't actually "defeat" the villain, she really kind of saves her. Oh well...

14 Interesting in of the fact that in this first movie the leader of the dragon nest is considered a queen that is "hurting" the dragons and coercing them into being a part of her group. In the second movie all of the dragon leaders are male and the main relationship we see depicted is that of trust and responsibility to the dragons under their care (aside from the villain side).

15 Technically, the balance of male/female characters in leading roles is equal in this one, but the fighting all seems to be done by the boys while the girls' role is to... accompany Aslan various places and believe in him?? Ah, well, Aslan was always a Jesus metaphor anyway.



SECTION LIES

HOW CAN HAMPSHIRE BECOME MORE RADICAL?

BY: THE OMEN STAFF

Colleges have been slowly collecting some of Hampshire's system. This has caused Hampshire to become less radical. Therefore, in order to keep our Hampshire-ness, we must band together and become even more revolutionary. Upon anonymous request the Omen staff have decided to show the Hampshire community how this can be best accomplished. We must out do those that dare to copy us. Imitation may be the greatest form of flattery but we can't let it affect our reputation.

The first step to becoming more radical is to change the housing. We should abandon our failing mods (have you smelled Greenwich?) and place tents in the middle of the woods, with one communal tent. We will live in the woods where the hanging walkway is. Inside the communal tent there will be a giant web of hammocks for sleep and of course a giant pit of fire so that we can cook. This way we can change our housing location if we need to without having to work too hard to pack up and move.

Next, we should burn all the flags on campus. We will then petition the Massachusetts government to make Hampshire a different county by seceding from Hampshire County. We will become the Autonomous Municipal Commune of Hampshire (AMCH). We will have no government because we can govern ourselves and government is far too corruptible.

We should become completely self-sustaining and be able to function completely on our own. We will accomplish this by becoming an agrarian society. We will run the farm and ensure our independence through working together to feed the commune. We can function without outside food sources and we should therefore use the farm that we have at our disposal to feed our beloved commune.

We need no leadership so the next step is to fire all the faculty and become completely reliant on ourselves. We can only hope to function without any leadership. This will be done through Chloe's Div III in which she walks into her first committee meeting and proposes the take over. When there is protest the most militant group on Hampshire campus seizes the faculty and then leads them out after firing them. The Omen staff begins to cloister themselves in Merrill's basement and seems to mysteriously be plotting (muahahahahahaha!)

After removing the staff from campus, we will run the commune through student groups. We will invariably disagree and then separate into tribes and hunting groups so as to lower the risk of a civil war breaking out. We will stay a united group through regular meetings in which we decide the future of Hampshire. The Omen Staff will lead these meetings because they deliver the news and therefore know what's going on around the world and are most likely to make good choices

for the future of the commune. They are a totally unbiased news source with no political agenda at all. The most recent issue of the omen says so, so it must be true.

After leading the group meetings for about a month the omen staff become the leaders of the Hampshire United Agrarian Front. The Omen staff know what's best for the commune because some "studies" that were published through the omen show that fake journalists are best suited to running a community. Any semblance of Hampshire being a school has disappeared and we are now a functioning community working together for the better of our community. The Omen staff don't work though because they need to think about how the community is going to be run. They're the obvious choice because "they're not politicians and so they will shake it up".

Food has started to run short however due to the ever-increasing population thanks to admissions (we got rid of the staff and made it so that anyone can come here.) This however, causes a major problem. The community is unable to produce enough food to function. We start to consider solutions to the issue.

As this time has gone on the Hampshire community has begun to become too crowded and so the divinely inspired Omen Staff decide that the best method is to have nightly gladiator fights to determine the distributions of resources. The omen staff distributes fliers and everyone thinks this is a great idea because the Omen knows what's best for the community. The Omen staff does not partake in these fights because everyone knows that the Omen staff are needed to lead the group.

Crime begins to really develop in the Hampshire community so the truly powerful Omen staff distributes "scientific" studies that show that the best way to reduce crime is through the Purge: Hampshire Edition. This purge occurs on a monthly basis after that night's gladiator fights. However one law remains. You cannot kill the Omen staff. The one person who did try to hurt our beloved Omen Staff got "sent to a farm upstate".

Finally, The Omen realizes that we actually DO need a government and so decides that the best method is to have a socialist government that is lead by the obvious group. The Omen Staff. No one does government better then them because no one has led this community except them. Besides, they're not politicians. They'll really improve the community.

In order to set up this government the Omen sends the most militaristic tribes (which of course is called the Passive Aggressive Tribe) to kidnap Bernie Sanders. Everyone decides that the best thing to do is to put Bernie on an altar and give him daily sacrifices of sheep. We begin to have weekly gatherings to worship the ground Bernie walks on and listen to his divinely inspired pleas to let him go. These pleas must be a metaphor to make the Hampshire community even more anarchical then is already is.

Hampshire must come together and expand. expand. EXPAND! By doing the obvious. Taking over the other Five Colleges! We will begin by taking over Amherst College since they have the smallest population of the other Five Colleges. This will be followed by taking over Smith and then finally Mount Holyoke. The next one will require a full community get together to take down UMass but this will be accomplished because our government is the best government. All praise the Omen

staff. Bernie has suddenly disappeared but an article in the Omen clears up suspicions of his disappearance up by showing him in an actual farm upstate.

As we successfully take over the other colleges we will become an imperial powerhouse lead by the all-knowing Omen Writers. Since we now control all the other five colleges we will take symbol of Hampshire that depicts the other four colleges as rectangles that carve out an H and invert the colors. Since Hampshire now controls the other colleges a circle to show that we are united as one group will surround the symbol. We will then take this flag and replace the other five college's flags with ours.

The other colleges can gain independence from their kind and benevolent superiors if they pledge allegiance to Hampshire and send them weekly tribute in the form of sheep. These sheep will then be sacrificed to Bernie and used to sustain the Hampshire community.

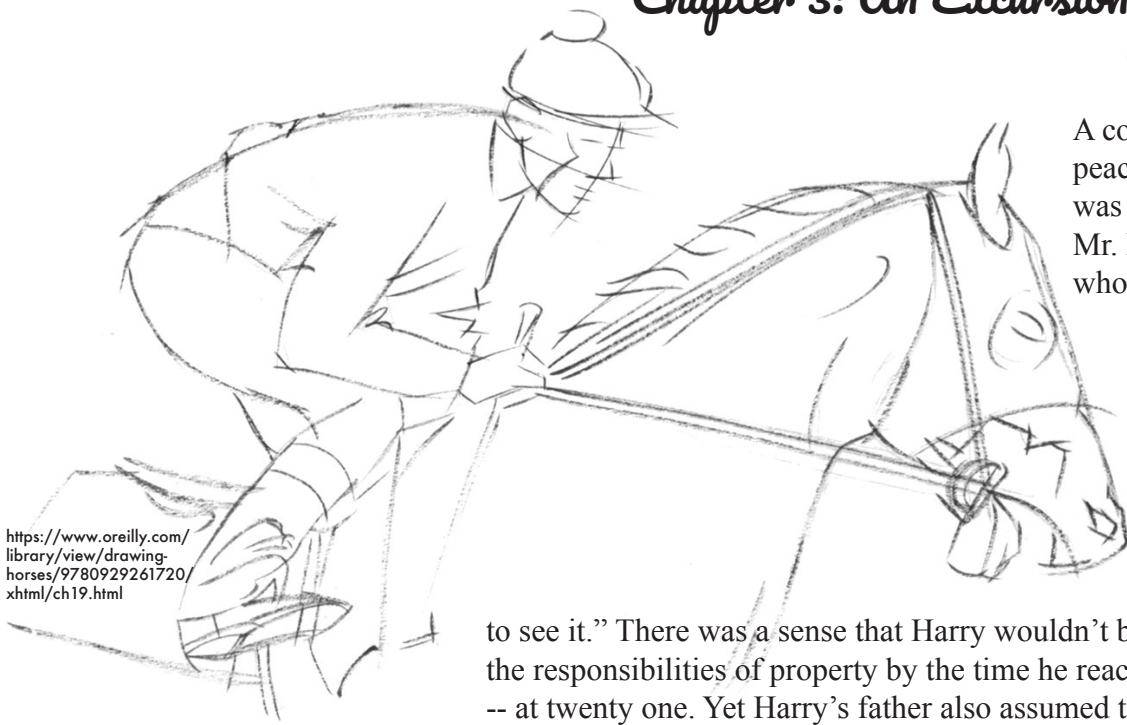
After Hampshire has successfully taken over the other Five colleges and they have gained pseudo-independence from their kind and benevolent overlords, the rest of the world sees what's going on and decides that it can't be so they try to obliterate the Hampshire community. This however doesn't come to pass because some brilliant Div III creates a space ship that takes the entire Hampshire community to Venus where they can live out their days as a colony on Venus. They're totally not planning to take over the world again anytime soon. Definitely not.

Note: As the Omen staff put this together, the writers laughed maniacally.



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Chapter 3: An Excursion to Birmingham by Simon Fields



<https://www.oreilly.com/library/view/drawing-horses/9780929261720/xhtml/ch19.html>

A couple days after the peacock debacle, Sir Harry was called in to speak to Mr. Klagan, the solicitor who had been left in charge of the Galton estate. Harry's father died suddenly in 1857, and his will stipulated that Harry was to inherit the bulk of the estate upon his twenty fourth birthday "If I do not live

to see it." There was a sense that Harry wouldn't be ready to assume all of the responsibilities of property by the time he reached his legal "majority" -- at twenty one. Yet Harry's father also assumed that if Harry wouldn't

be ready by twenty four, he may never be ready at all. And now the task of preparing young Sir Harry, Baronet fell to Mr. Andrew Sagacious Klagan, Solicitor. Andrew Sagacious Klagan is none too pleased to learn that Sir Harry lost five pounds because of a chestnut racehorse.

"Parsimony is virtue, and will take you far. Profligacy is vice and will lead you to r-r-r-rack and ruin. No I don't want to hear anymore excuses. In my liberality I advanced you five pounds additional to your allowance. You go and squander it on some, some horse and then expect me to pay you more. Go hawk an epergne from your flat, just one of them! You'll make the difference without bankrupting your own inheritance."

"But guv'nor I tell you it's only a spot of bother. I can make it back."
"HOW?"

"I'll think of something."

"Oh you will, will you? No, I won't have it. Sell an epergne, sell it no later than two o'clock today, and live off it for a week; you can expect your regular allowance to resume January 1st. It's for your own good."

"You want me selling an heirloom to some common miserly pawnshop, for all to see? It's not befitting the dignity of my station."

"No, it isn't, but neither are horse races."

"Many genteel people attend horse races -"

"To be robbed blind by pickpockets, and odds and fat jockeys. Oh, just ask Symington to deal with the pawnbroker. He has more sense than you, anyhow."

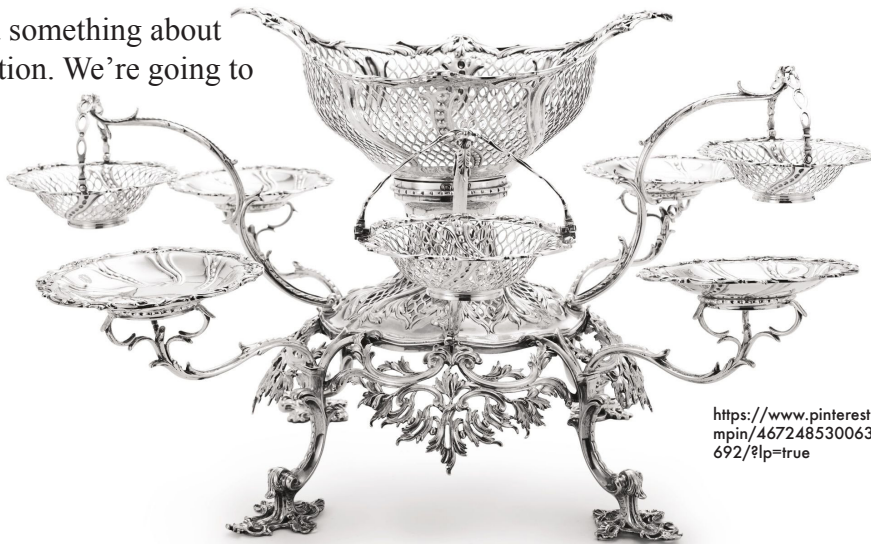
“Pish.”

“No, you listen to me. I want to show you something about how your ancestors raised you to your station. We’re going to Birmingham.”

“Together?”

“Together. Tomorrow morning, meet me at Euston Station, no later than eleven o’clock sharp.”

Tomorrow morning



<https://www.pinterest.com/pin/467248530063792692/?lp=true>

It was nine o’clock in the morning and Sir Harry’s valet, Symington is making his way into his master’s room. Sir Harry’s flat is in fashionable Regents’ street, which is actually relatively close to Euston Station. Still, Andrew Klagan was very clear with Symington -- he was to rouse his master early so that Sir Harry would not only be punctual but more than punctual. “I don’t just want him to get to the Station on time for the train. I want him there with time and contrition to spare.”

And so Charlie opens the door to Sir Harry’s bedroom, and swiftly makes his way to the curtained window. Swish, as the curtains open, he says, “Good morning sir.”

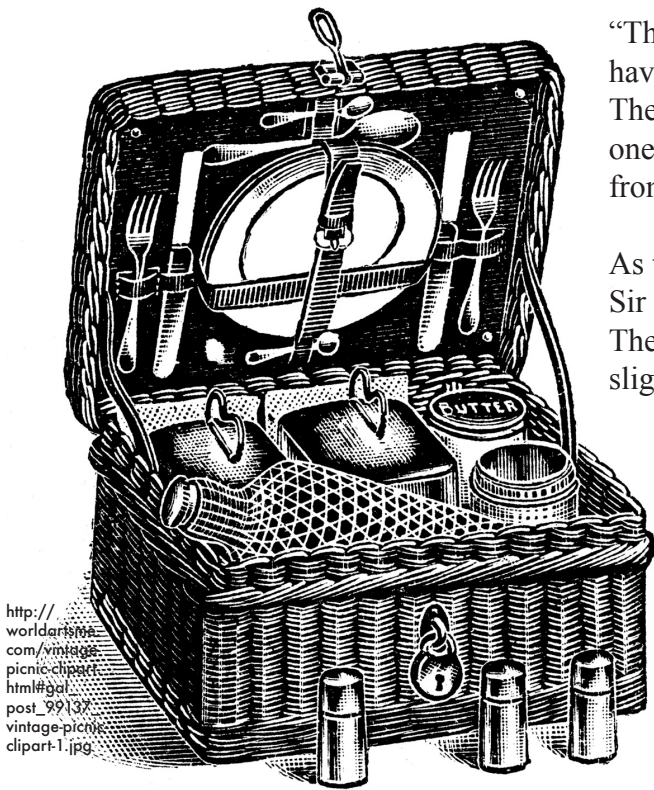
“Blast. Yes very well Symington. Good morning.” Five minutes later Symington returns, to find Sir Harry turned over in his bed. Symington is carrying Sir Harry’s travel clothes, folded and drooping from his left arm, and a jug of water for Sir Harry’s wash basin in his right hand. Symington clears his throat, deferentially.

“Sir, I have your travel clothes ready.” He rests them on a chair by the foot of the bed. “And this is for your wash.” Some thirty five minutes later, Sir Harry and Symington depart. Symington hails a hansom cab, and Sir Harry notices that blast, it’s pulled by a chestnut horse just like the one I bet on. Chestnut horses must all carry rotten luck. As if I need it for a day with Klagan. Sir Harry and Symington climb into the cab, and close the door-like dashboard in front of them. The cabbie’s reins, held above and behind them hang over the roof, leading passenger eyes to the chestnut horse pulling the two-wheeler.

They make their way through fashionable London, the curving arcade of Regent’s Street busy with mid-morning traffic. Broughams, landaus, a Paddington and Hungerford omnibus and other cabs navigate their way through cobblestones. These carriages aren’t alone. One carriage has an advertisement for the Tailoring firm, “Moses & hys Son,” a Police Van is carrying convicts safely within its black walls labeled VR (Victoria Regina).

The captains of commerce have employed several people to disseminate their brands. These sign wearers walk around with pyramid or hive shaped signs, on each side of their abdomen a passerby can see the advert.

Clip clop. Crossing sweepers clean the excrement left by horses- a genteel pedestrian parts with a farthing in order to pay the crossing sweeper. Five poorly clad children call up to a gentleman standing in a balcony,



“Throw down your mouldy coppers!” The gentleman happens to have six coppers to throw down, but decides to part with three. The children avidly position themselves to catch the “coppers”; one lucky tyke catches two and three unlucky tykes try to prize it from his hand. Clip clop.

As the cab made its way from Regents Street to Portland Place, Sir Harry turned to Symington. “I say, did you bring my valise?” The cab bounces and sways as Symington’s back sinks ever so slightly into the cushion.

“Right here sir.” Clip clop

“Good. Did you pack Peregrine Bunce?”

“Of course sir. I know you’ll never go on a train without it.” Clip clop.

“And you also brought this basket with food! How thoughtful of you Symington.”

“Of course Sir.” The two wheels rattle as the street surface changes.

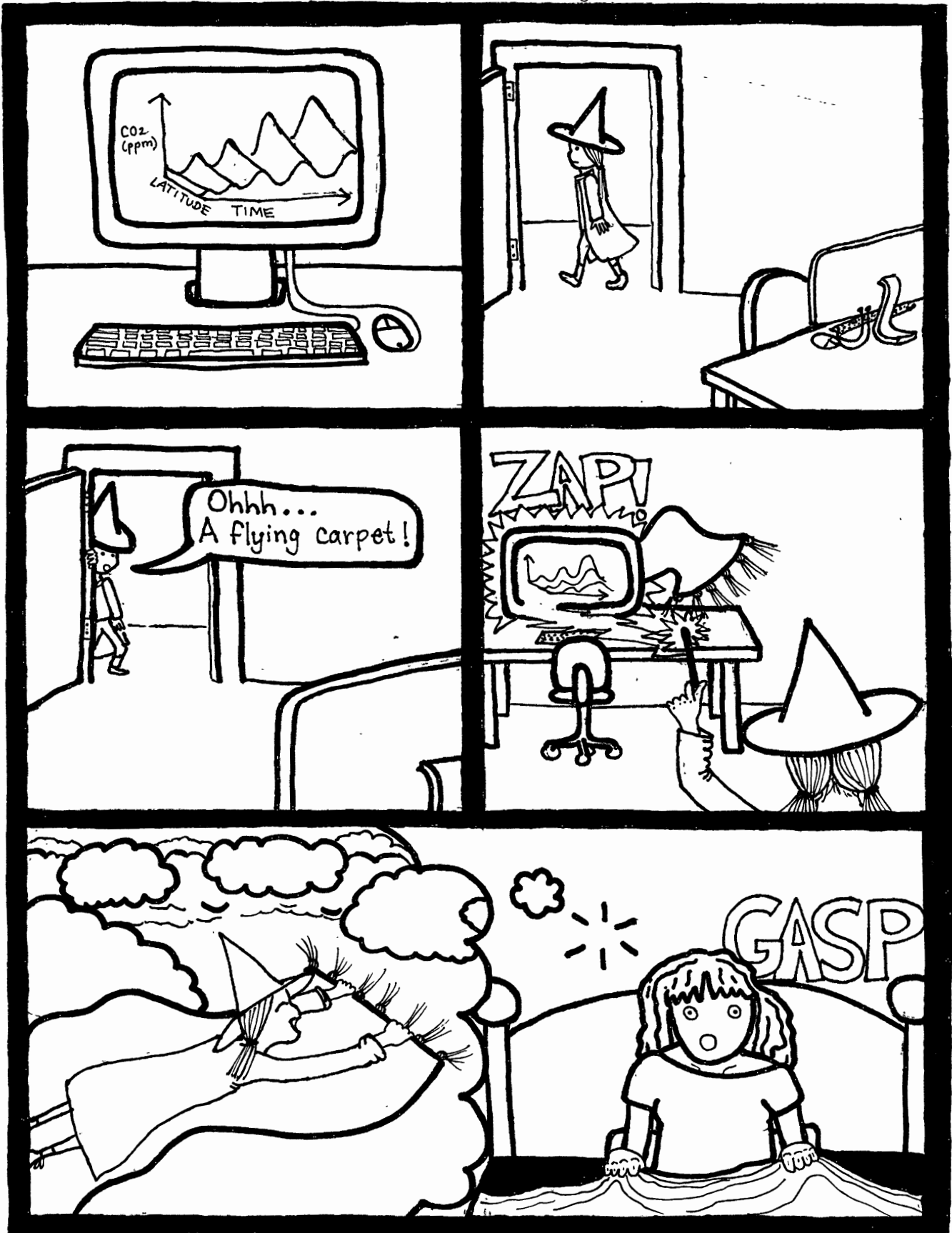
“I wonder what old Mr. Klagen is up to anyhow. Well, I’m glad I’ll have Peregrine with me. Reading will give me the perfect distraction from the old skinflint.”

TO BE CONTINUED!!!!!!.....

A SCIENTIST'S NIGHTMARE

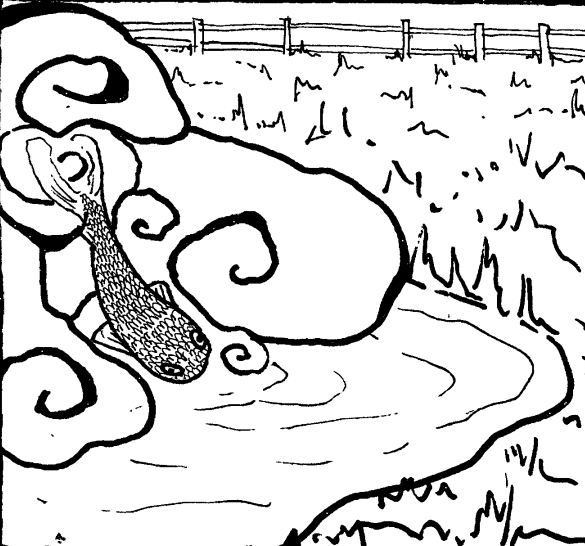
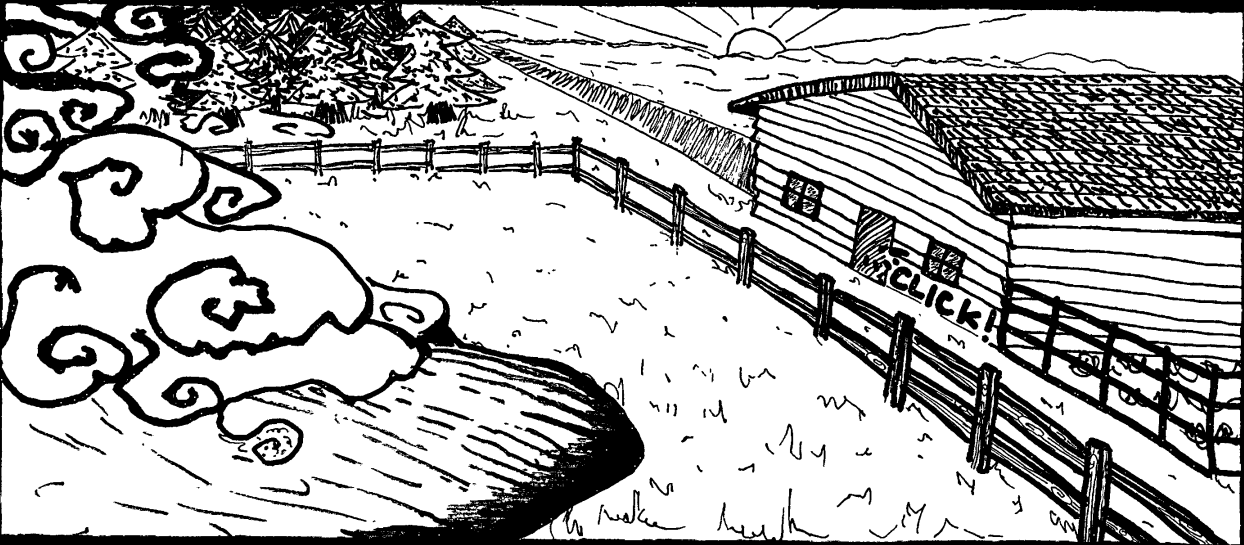
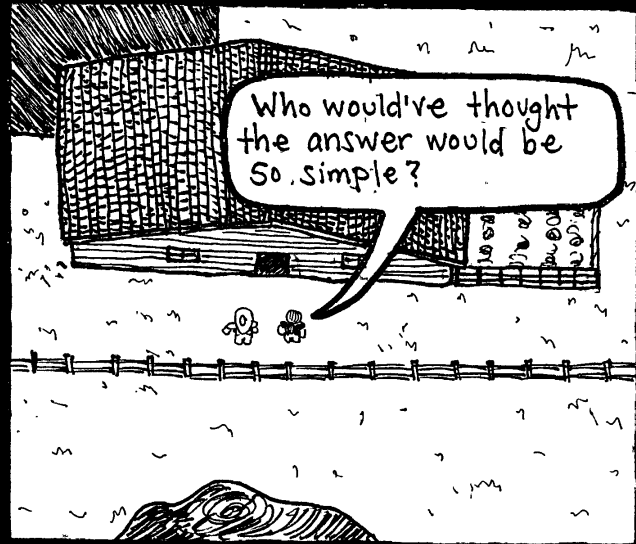
Volume 49, Issue 3 • The Omen

by Chloe Omelchuck



DEPOSITION PT. 1 by chloë omelchuck





SECTION HATE

BAD omens

DEAR OMEN,

LET ME APOLOGIZE FOR THIS POEM

BECAUSE I DO NOT WRITE POETRY

BUT LET ME THANK YOU FOR PUBLISHING IT ANYWAYS

LIKE THE GOOD KIND OF PAL YOU ARE THAT ENCOURAGES POORLY WRITTEN FANFICTION AND SCREAMING YOUR EMOTIONS AT INAPPROPRIATE TIMES IN PUBLIC.

THEN LET ME APOLOGIZE FOR NOT SHOWING UP

BECAUSE IT MIGHT BE A SIGN

THAT I KEEP MISSING MEETINGS

BUT I DON'T BELIEVE IN THAT CRAP.

BUT I DO BELIEVE IN YOU.

SO HAVE MY EXCUSES:

YOU SEE,

THE FIRST TIME I MISSED THE MEETING OF THE OMEN I WAS ON CRUTCHES. I SAT AT MY DINING TABLE, DREADING HOBBLING ALL THE WAY ACROSS CAMPUS EVEN THOUGH THE THAI FOOD SOUNDED VERY DELICIOUS.

THE SECOND TIME I MISSED THE MEETING OF THE OMEN IT WAS ENTIRELY MY OWN FAULT. I SCHEDULED A TINDER DATE ON THE SAME NIGHT UNKNOWINGLY A WEEK BEFORE HAND. THE DATE WENT WELL IF YOU WERE WONDERING, BUT DON'T WORRY, MY HEART STILL BELONGS TO YOU.

THE THIRD TIME I MISSED THE MEETING OF THE OMEN I HAD CAUGHT A FEVER AND WENT A WHOLE WEEK WITHOUT LEAVING MY HOUSE. STILL RECOVERING, BUT ON THE MEND.

I KNOW THIS DOESN'T EXCUSE MY ABSENCE,

BUT KNOW THAT MY HEART IS STILL WITH YOU EVEN WHEN I AM NOT.

WARM REGARDS,

LILY FRIEDRICH

I feel tired...

by Simon Fields

Two years ago was the first time I submitted this to the Omen. With a lack of other things to send in, at the same time of year I sent it in and feeling about as tired as I did, here it is:

This parody, "I feel tired" is based on the song, "I feel pretty" (from the West Side Story.) I wrote the first version of this parody when I was fourteen, but alas I lost those lyrics, so this is going by memory.

I feel tired,
Oh, so tired,
I feel tired and wired today!
And I pity
Any guy who's like me tonight.
I feel awkward,
Oh, so awkward
It's alarming how awkward I feel!
And so tired
That I hardly can believe I'm real.
See those lines underneath my eyes:
And I'm only fourteen!
Such a tired face,
Such a tired back,
Such a tired mind,
Such a tired me!
I feel numbing,
And taxing,
Feel like collapsing for joy,
For Middle School and VBI debate
camp
Are sucking my blood!
Friends:
Have you met my good friend Simon,
The sleepest guy on the block?
You'll know him the minute you see
him,
He's the one who is in an advanced

state of shock.
He thinks he has it bad now.
He thinks it's a pain,
He thinks that it's hell
His problems are really inane
(At this point)
It must be the beat
Or some rare T.V.,
Or too much to eat
Or maybe it's fleas.
Keep away from him,
Send for the Marines
This is not the
Simon we've known!

I feel tired,
Oh, so tired
That I should retire quite young.
A desert island
Should become my new home.
La la la la . . .
I feel dizzy,
I feel tipsy,
Even though I didn't drink anything,
And so tired,
Simon Fields can just resign!
La la la la
See the tired guy in that mirror
there:
Friends: What mirror where?
Who can that fatigued guy be?
Which? What? Where? Whom?
Such a tired face,
Such a tired back,
Such a tired mind,
Such a tired me!
Such a tired me!
I feel taxing,
And numbing,
I feel like Collapsing for fools,
For I go
To a stressful debate camp and
School!

HAMPSHIRE HOROSCOPE

BY WILL NEWHALL

ARIES

Remember to be strong and courageous this month. Even in the face of conflict.

TAURUS

Patience is a virtue. Be especially devoted and stable this month and maybe even a little stubborn.

GEMINI

Let your curiosity soar this month and help you adapt and make consistent decisions.

CANCER

Your imagination will lead you far and wide this month. Let your insecurities go so that you can really go with the flow.

LEO

Let your creativity flow this month. Let it stretch out and bring joy to the world.

VIRGO

Use that determination to help you muscle through your worries and help you in your projects this month.

LIBRA

There will be a lot of conflict at the dinner table. Remember to reach calm waters you much weather the storm.

SCORPIO

Make sure to help a friend in need this month. Use your resources to accomplish this task.

SAGITTARIUS

Be generous this month but don't promise more than you can deliver.

CAPRICORN

Relax a bit this month and make sure to manage yourself before you manage others.

AQUARIUS

Don't shy away from family this month. Your originality and independence will help you.

PISCES

Use your wisdom and intuition to cope with your fears. Remember to be compassionate to yourself before being compassionate to others.

HUMOROUS HAMPSHIRE HOROSCOPE: THANKSGIVING EDITION

BY WILL NEWHALL

ARIES

Looking at the tea leaves, I can divine that you will either bravely defend your ideas at the dinner table, or accidentally offend your great aunt Edna. Whichever. Good luck!

TAURUS

You will hoard the turkey. Even if you don't eat meat.

GEMINI

You will hug everybody affectionately. Except maybe your Uncle Sturd. They call him Uncle Turd for a reason ya know.

CANCER

Make sure to convince your cousin that Santa's real. Even if they're old and cynical.

LEO

Make sure to be as lazy as possible at dinner. Then find a creative way to escape and go play games in your room. All by yourself. Alone.

VIRGO

Make sure to criticize yourself on the reg. Kindly point out everyone's failings at dinner. Don't be shy. It's ok. They need to hear it from someone. Might as well be you, right?

LIBRA

At dinner this month, don't listen to Shia LaBeouf. Don't listen to him. Seriously. Don't do it. I mean it. Don't. Just don't do it. Let those dreams be dreams.

SCORPIO

You know that subconscious voice in your head? You know that one that tells you not to do the thing and then you do the thing anyway? Listen to it this time. Don't talk to him. That's right him. Don't talk to Matt Damon. Just don't.

SAGITTARIUS

You will try to be funny and then accidentally offend at least 3 people.

CAPRICORN

Remember: You don't know everything. Just mostly everything. Especially when it comes to that one relative whom you hate. You know who I'm talking about.

AQUARIUS

Not gonna lie. You're gonna hate dinner. When that person you like comes by remember to be extra aloof this time. Sokka says so.

PISCES

Make sure to draw a picture of your dinner as unrealistically happy as possible. Then submit it to the Omen.

*Note: Reminder: We at the Omen are not responsible for your actions.

